

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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CAPRICIOUS and uncertain as is public decision on musical matters—seldom resting on anything more substantial than fashion, the graces of some favourite singer, or the humour of the moment—we can but rarely agree unmixedly with its awards. For once, however, the public is right;—it has judged Mr. Romer's *Fridolin* and condemned it with a more rapid and complete damnation than was ever before experienced by any operatic production of this country. *Fridolin*, it is true, has been played some seven or eight times, but, on every occasion after the two first, to houses all but empty; and the consequence has been its withdrawal from the stage and the temporary closing of the theatre. Our readers must have noticed the reserve with which we spoke of this opera in the last number of the “Musical World;”—in plain fact, we *would not* criticise it; we could not praise it, and would not say anything that might have an unfavourable influence on the success of Mr. Barnett's speculation. The public condemnation of Mr. Romer's opera, however, and the fact that Mr. Barnett can now neither gain nor lose by its means, have removed all claims on our silence, and left us free to express our real sentiments on the subject. We can now say, without danger to the *cause* of English opera, that which we at first felt—that *Fridolin* is, by many degrees, the vilest attempt at operatic composition on a large scale which has yet appeared before the English public. It is a work of the merest school-boy, and one which, were the composer really at school, would infallibly degrade him to the lowest place in his class. It displays a total lack of invention, and even of art to conceal the defects of nature. For the public, it is an opera of *two tunes*—neither possessing any originality, but both having a certain water-gruel prettiness which pleases those who are not particularly dainty as to the quality of their mental food. To the musician it offers nothing that he would not reject as thrice sifted dross, except the few morsels we mentioned in our last number; and, from the worthlessness of the remainder,

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even these exceptions must be considered the result rather of accident than of design. The construction of the various pieces is, in the last degree, unartistic, the melodies stale and pointless, the harmonies ignorantly concocted, and the whole teems with false positions of chords, and progressions which could only have been produced in defiance to musical rule and insensibility to musical pleasantness. In a word, although courtesy may term it an *opera*, art must deny its being *music*; and its correct performance—were that even desirable—is put out of the question by its general difficulty and ineffectiveness for the voices, and its equally general impossibility for the orchestra. Such is the precious heap of trumpery which, in adversity to all honourable principle, has been thrust down Mr. Barnett's throat by a singer who, to mere lack of rivalry, rather than to her own talents, owes that power of assumption which she has thought fit so liberally to exercise!

Regarded, then, simply as the failure of an opera, we will not pretend to deny our unqualified pleasure at the extinction of *Fridolin*—for the music's sake, because the production of such incongruous nonsense is an insult to public judgment and a disgrace to our school of art,—and for the composer's sake, because Mr. Romer, with the conceit characteristic of ill-informed persons, has chosen to rank himself foremost among the champions of English opera before he has yet learned even to write an inoffensive bass; and because, with a strange mixture of greediness and seeming distrust in his genuine deserts, he refused to take his chance in company with his brother-artists, and permitted his opera to be dragged neck and heels on to the stage of the Prince's Theatre by the influence of his sister. What Mr. Romer's feeling on the subject may be, we cannot pretend to guess, but we are positive that there is not one English composer of real talent who would not have spurned such a course as unworthy a man's pride or an artist's feeling, and would not have preferred locking up his score for ever, to being indebted for its production to anything else than its intrinsic merit. The announcement of *Fridolin*, coupled with the story of its compulsory production, at once predicted its failure, and, *vice versa*, a first hearing of its music must have suggested to every one at all acquainted with theatrical affairs, the why and wherefore of its performance:—a good opera would have needed no imperious *prima donna* to demand an entrance for it to the theatre, and, on the other hand, Mr. Barnett, being in possession of his senses, would not have produced so bad a one unless compelled by the direst necessity.

Unfortunately, however, the mischief does not end here. *Fridolin* and its composer are both rightly served—the one for its worthlessness and the other for his pretension; but what becomes of Mr. Barnett, and the cause which, if unprevented by folly and arrogance, he would have so manfully supported? We cannot conceal our fears and regrets for both, but more especially for the *man*. The cause might perhaps have struggled its way into the sympathies of the public; but that Mr. Barnett who, while his brother-composers did little else towards it than abuse each other most heartily in the pages of the "Musical World," proceeded to action with the decision of an Oliver Cromwell, should reap no harvest but losses to a ruinous extent, is one of the most deplorable things we have ever had occasion to record. Added to all this, Mr. Barnett has not even escaped censure in the matter. Certain newspaper critics have thought fit to hint that his ill-fortune was deserved by his want of firmness to reject Miss Romer's absurd demand;—the said critics being totally unmindful that, having

engaged his theatre and the rest of his company, and failed in his negotiations with another *prima donna*, Mr. Barnett was compelled to commence his performances, even at so dire a sacrifice as the production of *Fridolin*. Under these circumstances, if there be a particle of English heart or gratitude about the musicians of London, they will at once cast aside all party-spirit and childish jealousies, and come forward eagerly to assist, in any and every way, any steps that may hereafter be taken to retrieve the fatal error committed at the opening of the Prince's Theatre. We are not French, and would not be betrayed into any extravagant flourishes about national honour and glory, but if ever there was a juncture at which national pride *ought* to take up the cudgels in defence of an art, our operatic situation at this moment presents it.

As for Mr. Romer, we envy him neither his own feelings nor the estimation in which he is held by the composers of the metropolis. His own failure is of no importance—it was thoroughly deserved; but his unwarrantable self-esteem has been the means of involving Mr. Barnett in great and unnecessary difficulties, and of blighting—for a time at least—the prospects of those composers whose genius and acquirement *really* entitled them to be heard at the bar of public opinion in defence of English opera.

[In our next number will be given a brief memoir of the late Mr. T. L. Willman, collected from the most authentic sources, and which is only delayed for the sake of ascertaining the fullest possible particulars relating to this distinguished professor.—Ed. M. W.]

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. XVII.

FRIEDERICH ERNST FESCA.

FRIEDRICH ERNST FESCA, was born in Magdeburg, on the 15th of February, 1789. His father, a highly respectable man, who filled a situation in the magistracy of the town, was an able performer on the piano and violoncello; and his mother, a distinguished scholar of the celebrated Hillier, chamber-singer to the Duchess of Courland. It may, therefore, be said that a love for music was instilled into Fesca's mind from his very cradle, and this bias was still more confirmed by the various masterpieces that he heard performed at his father's house, which was a rendezvous for many musical amateurs of great ability. Proofs of his native talent, and the love thus engrafted, began early to display themselves. When only four years old, the child, following the guidance of his ear, contrived to pick out little tunes on the pianoforte, and imitated, with great correctness, the airs sung by his mother.

In his ninth year he began a course of instruction on the violin, under M. Lohse, first violinist of the Magdeburg Theatre, an able musician and experienced teacher, under whose care he made an astonishingly rapid progress. The correctness of his taste, and his eager ambition to excel all his competitors in the field of excellence, daily displayed themselves in a more active manner. He soon became perfectly master of the works of Pleyel, and other pleasing compositions current at that period, and began to aim at authors deemed far beyond the capacity of scholars of his age. Nothing then satisfied him but the masterpieces of Haydn, Boccherini, and Mozart: he devoured their beauties with avidity during his leisure hours, and was never so proud as when he could find his way into amateur parties, and join in the quartets of these great masters.

So decided was the proficiency he had made on reaching his eleventh year, that he was invited by several eminent friends of the art to a musical meeting at Magdeburg, where he first exhibited his talents in public, in a concerto on the

violin. The warm encouragement he obtained excited him to more vigorous exertion; and he soon found an ample field for the display of his talents in the subscription concerts of that town, which were then much in repute, and attended by many artists of eminence.

At the age of twelve he applied himself with more than common zeal to the study of the theory of music, and was so fortunate as to obtain the instructions of the well-known Zachariä, who, at that time, filled the situation of music-director to the academy of Alstädt. He afterwards received a very liberal offer from the highly-talented and generous Pitterlin, music-director of the Magdeburg theatre, which he accepted; and under the auspices of this able master, he became more intimately acquainted with the highest branches of his art. But, unfortunately, he was shortly after deprived of these advantages by the death of his friend and instructor, which took place in 1804.

As the loss thus sustained could not be repaired in Magdeburg, Fesca, now in his sixteenth year, went to Leipsic, in order to complete his studies under music-director Aug. Eber. Muller. Encouraged by the example of this excellent master, he now turned his attention to the study of the ancient church composers, for which abundant opportunities were afforded him in that city. Nor was it very long before he began to make trial of his own powers in composition, and his first essay, made in the following year (1805), in every respect encouraged him to proceed. It was a concerto for the violin, which he performed on a public occasion, before a very numerous auditory, by whom it was received with the most flattering marks of approbation. This successful exertion of his talents proved the means of introducing him to the notice of several men of talent, musicians and others, in whose society he found abundant means of improvement, but there was no one to whose acquaintance, and ultimately to whose friendship, it was the means of introducing him, who proved a more valuable acquisition to him than concert-master Matthai, an enlightened musician, who lost no opportunity of assisting the youthful aspirant to renown, both by counsel and example.

In 1806, the Duke of Oldenburg, when on a visit to Leipsic, was so much struck with the talents displayed by Fesca at a public concert, that at his desire the young artist was presented to him, and he made him an offer of a situation in his chapel. The motives which induced Fesca to accede the more willingly to this proposal were highly honourable to his feelings. His parents were by no means in flourishing circumstances; a considerable sum had been expended upon his musical education and there were several sisters to be provided for. His acceptance of this situation would enable him to assist in this important object, at the same time that it would afford him means and leisure for the prosecution of those studies which circumstances had been the means of interrupting; and yet this want of sufficient occupation for a youthful, active, and aspiring mind, however excellent his situation might be in other respects, made him sensibly feel that he was not in his proper place.

A visit to his native town of Magdeburg, towards the close of the year 1807, opened prospects to him more favourable to his further advancement. The new royal Westphalian chapel, and the opera in Cassel, both of which were under the direction of the celebrated Reichardt, afforded an ample field for the exercise of talent, and rewarded it sufficiently; for whatever might be the faults of the newly-established court of Jerome Buonaparte, parsimony, as far as the arts were concerned, was certainly not one. To find an admission here, was therefore an object of Fesca's ambition; nor was it long before an opportunity presented itself. He had formerly been known to Marshal Victor, and finding a favourable moment to make him acquainted with the object he had in view, the latter exerted his influence in his behalf. Fesca was sent for to display his talents before the court; his admirable performance excited the notice of the illustrious personage in question, as well as that of his consort, herself a distinguished musician, and shortly after he was appointed to the situation of first violinist, with a handsome salary.

He remained in Cassel till the great political changes in 1813, and has often been heard to say that the years he spent there were some of the happiest of his existence. Constant activity in the field of art, and the advantage of finding

able co-operation in the numerous artists of merit by whom he was surrounded, formed his chief delight. Added to this he was blessed with a happy disposition, and a liberality of feeling which denied entrance to anything like envy and jealousy. In this place, too, he appeared publicly as a composer, and enjoyed no common share of renown. He produced here his first seven quartetts (Op. 1 and 2, and from op. 3, that in D major), and his two first symphonies (those in E minor and D major). He contrived to keep these works a profound secret till they had been performed and their merits acknowledged. In thus taking his friends by surprise he did but delight them the more, and he had the advantage of hearing the impartial voice of criticism uninfluenced by his presence. It has been remarked, that in these compositions Fesca did not forget himself, the part for the first violin being finished with particular care; but it would be unjust not to add that the other parts are not thereby thrown into the shade, but given with all the relief which the subject seemed to require. Fesca's forte lay particularly in the adagio, that true touchstone of a performer's ability, and it was in giving effect to this that his whole soul shone forth. No wonder then, that in the quartetts particularly, the slow movements show a delicacy not so observable in the rest of the composition; and who will undertake to say that, after all, it was not a pardonable favouritism?

After the dissolution of the kingdom of Westphalia, he paid a visit, in 1814, to his brother at Vienna. There every homage was paid to his talents; and though he had for some time ceased to play in public concerts, he was prevailed upon to sustain the principal part in his favourite quartetts, and was heard with a delight that was little short of enthusiasm. In such request were these productions, that he was induced to publish them during his stay in Vienna.

In 1815 Fesca received an offer from the Baron von Ende, superintendent of the court-theatre at Carlsruhe, of the situation of first violin, which he accepted; and the following year was appointed concert-master to the Grand Duke of Baden. During the eleven years that he filled this situation with so much honour, he composed his other nine violin quartetts, and four quintetts, besides several overtures. He had early turned his attention to compositions for the voice, and he now gave a proof of the proficiency he had made, in two operas, *Cantemire* and *Omar und Leila*, which were produced at the court-theatre, and admired for several successful airs. For various private musical societies he composed numerous songs, as well as some concerted pieces for four voices; and for the church he composed several anthems and psalms, particularly the celebrated 103rd psalm, which is still a favourite in Germany, and generally found to claim a place in all selections of sacred music. These compositions are admired for a character of piety and *naïveté* peculiarly his own, which, at the same time, does not exclude great pathos, energy, and depth of feeling; they are also marked by so much clearness and beauty of harmony as to claim the distinctive honour of being chosen as exercises in most of the schools for song in Germany. The characteristic expression of some of these psalms may be accounted for from the circumstance of their having been composed on particular occasions, and under peculiar impressions of the author's mind; for instance, the psalms 13th, and 103rd (op. 25 and 26), which were composed after the author's recovery from a severe illness, and are admirably expressive of the fervency of gratitude, and a tender and feeling sense of blessings received. One of these illnesses was in the spring of 1821, when he was reduced to almost a hopeless state by frequent attacks of hemorrhage. His recovery from this affliction was never effectual; it left him in a state of such debility that he was obliged to decline several offers that would have tended to improve his circumstances. The consequence was a painful depression of spirits, a settled melancholy which nothing could dissipate. Hopeless, however, as his situation appeared, there were occasional moments of serenity and self-possession, during which he composed various pieces by no means inferior to his earlier productions; nay, what is singular, some of them are of a much more lively and cheerful character.

A visit to the chalybeate waters at Ems, in 1825, appeared to be beneficial to him; indeed, so far was he invigorated as to be able to compose an overture for full orchestra (op. 41), and a flute quartett (op. 42), but alas, this was his last

production! It was the scintillation of a genius which was on the point of becoming extinct for ever. He died the 24th of May following, and his end was soothed by every consolation that religion and friendship could bestow. Nothing could be a better testimony of the general esteem in which his character was held, than the anxiety shown to do honour to his memory. He was followed to his grave by almost every person of respectability in the place, without mentioning the numerous train of brother artists, some of whom came from a considerable distance to assist on this mournful occasion. His own beautiful and solemn composition to the psalm, "From the depths have I cried to thee, oh Lord," was impressively sung under the direction of kapellmeister Strauss. A few days afterwards, a concert was given under the superintendence of a committee of gentlemen of Carlsruhe, for the benefit of his widow and family; it was numerously attended, and the laudable object in view fully attained.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MME. DULCKEN, MR. BENEDICT, AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I, in common with others, am much pleased with the interest you take in the welfare of the Royal Academy of Music, which cannot be better exerted than in exposing the abuses of the institution, and the intrigues of those connected with it. Perceiving in your last number a paragraph stating that Mme. Dulcken and Mr. Benedict had empowered Mr. Willy to engage a band for their concerts, I hasten to inform you, that I believe that arrangement is set aside. The facts of the case are these—Messrs. Benedict and Co. having failed to secure the gratuitous services of the Royal Academy pupils, proceeded to Mr. Willy, who *knowingly* declined their liberal offers. Being again foiled, the adventurers retraced their steps to the Academy, and there stated that they all along intended to pay the pupils—that is, to give engagements to the senior students, and to make a present to the younger. To these terms, I am sorry to say, the pupils have acceded, and, in the hope of pocketing money, pocket the affront. Now, whether Mr. Willy rejected the offer, because he thought to accept it would injure his promenade concerts, or because he had not much faith in the guarantee of one of the party (M. Dulcken), it is impossible to say. Perhaps the latter reason had some weight, as it is well known that Monsieur D. has not thought fit to remunerate the gentlemen of the orchestra for their attendance at the three or four last annual concerts of his good lady, which may be one of the causes why the Academy has been favoured with proposals.

It is to be regretted that the academicians had not more discretion than to suffer themselves to be entrapped by a couple of designing foreigners, although abetted by the reverend superintendant; for be it known that this gentleman also now wishes the pupils to understand that *he* had likewise said they were to be paid—this the pupils deny. In fact, the peremptory tone in which the performing at these concerts was proposed to the Academy students, was enough to inspire disgust: for instance, Mr. Vickary, in his usual arbitrary manner, mentioned to the "gentleman engaged in blowing down the walls of the academy," in which he has not yet succeeded, that on the days of the aforesaid concerts he must on no account accept of another engagement; and then no recompense was named.

Now Mr. Benedict and Mme. Dulcken are desirous to engage the Royal Academy band, as they can by that means have as many rehearsals as they may desire, the regular academic studies being set aside to oblige these staunch supporters of the institution; but there can be no great pecuniary gain, even to such of the students as are to be paid, from an engagement for two concerts with the necessity of attending twelve or fourteen rehearsals. Further, an invasion has been threatened on the comforts of the students; for the Christmas holidays were to have been shortened by a fortnight, and that time added to those at Midsummer, in order to assemble the Academy together, for the two concerts; which arrangement Mr. Potter, the principal of the Royal Academy of Music, has, for the convenience of the professors, been long trying to obtain, but without success.

Peckham, December 7th, 1840.

I am, Sir, your old subscriber,

A WELL WISHER TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

[We give insertion to the above communication, although it contains several personalities which had been better avoided, because it agrees in every particular with the accounts of the proceeding that have hitherto reached us from all hands;

but as there appear to have been several misunderstandings on the subject which are even yet imperfectly explained to some of the parties, we feel bound in justice to insert the following statement of the case which we have this moment received from M. Dulcken:—On or about the 15th of November Mme. Dulcken wrote to Lord Burghersh, requesting the services of the students at her two *soirées*, and adding that all pecuniary matters should be settled with them. His lordship's permission being obtained, a meeting took place between the *beneficiaires* and Mr. F. Cramer, Mr. Lucas, and Mr. Vickary, the superintendant of the Royal Academy, when the terms on which the different pupils should be engaged were agreed upon. By some mismanagement the result of this meeting was not made known among the students, in consequence of which a misunderstanding prevailed that the committee enforced their gratuitous attendance at the concerts in question. Supposing the dissatisfaction expressed in the Academy to have been occasioned by an apprehension that the Christmas vacation would be abridged for the sake of the rehearsals of the first *soirée*, Mme. Dulcken and Mr. Benedict applied to Mr. Willy from a reluctance to infringe upon the relaxation of the students: hearing afterwards that this murmuring had arisen from the misrepresentation we have mentioned, they broke off their negotiations with Mr. Willy, and Mr. Benedict himself explained to the students that it had all along been his intention to pay such of them as are in the habit of taking engagements their regular terms, and to make a present to such young ladies and gentlemen as may be considered not yet out in the profession. We hope this explanation will satisfy all parties, and that we shall have no farther occasion to remark upon the two concerts until it shall become our pleasing duty to compliment the *beneficiaires* on their success.—Ed. M. W.]

THE GRESHAM LECTURES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In reply to the letter from W. N. T., published in your last number, complaining that the public are excluded from the chance of hearing the lectures delivered by the Gresham Professor of Music in the theatre of this establishment, by the place being filled by the friends of the school previously to the doors being opened, I beg leave to offer the most decided contradiction to such a statement, as utterly devoid of truth.

Allow me also to add, that on the occasion to which I suppose your correspondent intended to allude, as there is a mistake in his letter in point of date, there was accommodation not only for all who were (as he says he was) at the door by half-past six o'clock, but also for many more who arrived afterwards.

Trusting that you will, in your next number, correct the misrepresentations contained in the letter of W. N. T.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

City of London School, December 7th, 1840.

T. BREWER, Secretary.

[We have great pleasure in receiving this official refutation of the statement of our last week's correspondent. It is in the highest degree desirable for the diffusion of musical knowledge that public lectures and the means of access to them should be made as general as possible, so we are glad to find that W. N. T. was misinformed. As we wish to pay respect to every opinion, we insert the following, letter which, though it differs in a statement of facts from that of Mr. Brewer, will be interesting to our readers as a demonstration of the high veneration in which some people hold the Gresham Lecturer.—Ed. M. W.]

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have just received the last number of the "Musical World," containing a letter from W. N. T., in which he complains of not being able to obtain a seat at the City of London School during Professor Taylor's last lecture.

As I was present every night of the course, and have been for many previous terms, I beg to state the facts as they really are. It is generally known that at half-past six the doors are opened to the public, and on the night in question, Wednesday, the 25th, the crowd was assembled from half-past five; at ten minutes to six I joined the musical multitude, and never experienced a more dreadful degree of pressure or heat on any previous occasion.

Five minutes before the usual time they found it necessary to open the doors, as several

ladies were fainting, and the crowd standing half down Honey-lane. The rush for seats was fearful, and, a few moments after the opening of the doors, the stairs, and every available place, were densely crowded. At the time of the public being admitted, there were not half-a-dozen persons in the theatre: so that I fear your correspondent's informant was as ignorant of the truth as himself.

I would not have troubled you with this explanation of the circumstances, but I consider it due to the admirers of Edward Taylor and the public, who are often misled by erroneous statements, and deterred from going to places where they would be put to the inconvenience of standing, though I would much rather stand than be deprived of attending a Gresham lecture—I am, sir, yours, &c.

MUSICA.

REVIEW.

Sunday Evening Recreations; composed by G. Lanza.

In a kind of preface to his little work, Signor Lanza thus defends the style in which he has thought fit to adapt music to sacred subjects;—"Some, on perusal of my pages, may consider me too florid in my style; but why should composers exert their energies and spend their lives in attempting to give the most harmonious, pathetic, and forcible expressions to the works of profane authors, as exhibited in the operatic and ballad department of composition? Is not the Creator, the God to whom we owe our faculties, the most entitled to their use? Surely, yes! Then why should we address the Almighty in the cold and gloomy strains of despondency, as if we doubted his love and merciful clemency? No! let the heart's joyousness proclaim its hope in the Redeemer, its confidence in the celestial Maker of all things, in the glad note of cheerfulness." With every word of this we most cordially agree; but it appears to us that, in carrying out his principles, Signor Lanza has fallen into the old predicament of avoiding the rock but to perish in the whirlpool, or that his ideas of the relative value of the words "despondency" and "cheerfulness," as applied to sacred music, do not coincide with ours. If, for example, we had to fix on specimens of lugubriousness, we might perhaps name the works of certain psalm-manufactures of the English school, or of Dr. Elvey, or Mr. Perry, in the oratorio-way. But will any one tell us that, in the two masses and the *Mount of Olives* of Beethoven, or the *St. Paul* of Mendelssohn—(we speak only of modern music)—there is any dullness worthy of avoidance, or that whatever sentiment ought to be rapturously expressed is not therein rendered with the fullest joyousness? But as there is "one flesh of beasts and another of birds," so is there one joy of angels and another of men—one joy wholly sacred and another entirely profane; and thus would we draw a distinction which Signor Lanza appears to have overlooked. We object to many of the lighter parts of Haydn's and Mozart's Masses—not simply because they are *joyous*, but because their character is "of earth, earthy"—their hilarity is the sparkling prettiness of the theatre, not the triumphant exultation of the church. But turn we to the superb *Gloria* in Beethoven's first mass, or that *ultimatum* of power and dignity, the chorus in F in the first part of *St. Paul*, and we find all that Signor Lanza would seek of cheerfulness, but enriched, elevated, and made worthy of its purpose by the truest sublimity.

We would not undervalue Signor Lanza's pretty and melodious compositions further than that we think he has much overshot his mark. He expresses his praiseworthy anxiety to "obviate that monotony which generally characterizes psalmody," but, in doing this he has run so far into the extreme of frivolity as to have nearly approached the mass-writing style now prevalent in Italy, than which—whatever be its *prettiness*—we know nothing more truly contemptible as applied to the purposes of devotion.

Two numbers of Signor Lanza's work are now before us—both being *arias* with short choruses post-joined. In neither do we find any attempt at novelty or elaborate treatment—the latter being, perhaps excluded by his plan—but both are certainly pretty and unobjectionable, always saving their inapplicability to the sacred subjects which they are designed to illustrate. Of the two we prefer the "Christmas Song" as more interesting and musician-like than its fellow, although conceived in a spirit of 6-8 gaiety which would far more decently befit the announcement of some rustic festivity than a hymn to the Messiah's advent.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.
FOREIGN.

PARIS.—PRODUCTION OF DONIZETTI'S NEW OPERA, "LA FAVORITE," AT THE ACADEMIE ROYALE.—(From our own Correspondent.)—As I know you are particularly fond of Donizetti and all his doings, I devote what little spare time I have for your information as to the new opera, *La Favorite*, with which he has just dosed the Parisian critics. You raise a mighty dust in London about the villainous usage of native artists, and I don't doubt the justice of all such complaints; still I must remark that grounds for native grumblings are not wholly confined to your side of the water. They have here, as every body knows, a fine theatre, a superb band and chorus, and principals enough to make an Englishman gnash his teeth in despair, and with all these they certainly do very often bring out operas of home manufacture;—I think they should do so invariably, which they do not, as also everybody knows. No one can object to the occupation of the French opera, every now and then, by the works of such foreigners as Meyerbeer and Rossini, for their genius wipes out the anti-national scandal;—the Parisians may justly boast of being the first auditors of the superb *Guillaume Tell*, for example; but why such natives as Auber and Halevy are to have their noses put out of joint by that incomprehensibly stupid person, *Il maestro* Gaetano Donizetti, is to me a puzzle. I never suspected the French of sound musical taste, but this new *Donizetti*-fit at the *Academie Royale* seems to infer some terrible backslidings which I did not at all anticipate—*Les Martyrs*, which ought to have satisfied any reasonable craving for gingerbread, lollipops, and such like trumpery, was not enough, it seems, for their curiosity, so they must needs try another batch of the same manufacture. *Eh bien!* so let it be; every dog has his day, and Donizetti must come in for his turn with the rest of the curs, albeit *his* day is somewhat of the longest and brightest considering his deserts. The drama of *La Favorite* is written by M. M. Royer and Vaez, and although I am not quite sure that I understand its plot myself, I shall attempt a slight sketch of it for the benefit of your *abonnés*, as they say here. The supposed date is as far back as 1340, and the opera opens in a monastery somewhere in the kingdom of Castile, and, as everybody would suppose, with a chorus of monks. *Fernand*, who, as far as I could understand, is a candidate for the vows of the order, has somewhere or other been irrecoverably smitten by a lovely specimen of woman-kind, reveals his passion to a monk, *Balthazar*, and is by him advised to quit a religious life forthwith. *Fernand* is next seen on the coast of Leon, surrounded by a legion of *figurantes*, whither he comes to seek his beloved. At length *Leonor* arrives, and, after many endearments as usual, presents him with a royal order appointing him captain in the army;—here's the church-militant with a vengeance! The King of Castile has unluckily conceived a violent passion for this same *Leonor*, to which the frail fair (and she is good evidence on the point) subsequently declares herself to have yielded. His majesty determines to put away his wife in favour of his mistress, and is on the point of feeling very comfortable, when, by means of an intercepted letter, he discovers that he has a rival. This is only the commencement of his distraction, for the monk *Balthazar* arrives opportunely to present him with an excommunicative bull from the Pope, founded on his announced determination to repudiate his wife, and thereupon everybody, of course, goes into extacies of despair and fury by way of *finale* to the third act. *Fernand*, meanwhile, has been super-doughty in arms, and, returning to court, claims as his recompense the hand of *Leonor*. To this the king accedes, but *Leonor* spoils the whole effect of his majesty's generosity, by a sudden fit of candour, during which she publicly declares herself to have been the king's mistress. *Fernand* now goes mad in turn, breaks his sword, does a great deal of other damage, and like other people when disappointed in this world, turns his thoughts to the next;—in fact, he resolves to return to the monastery. Thither he goes, and just as he is about to enter on a perpetuity of sack-cloth and ashes, *Leonor* arrives, falls at his feet, and implores his forgiveness. His love returns with renewed force, but too late to save *Leonor*, who

dies, exhausted by her grief and exertion. After such an event, of course, nothing can possibly be done, and, therefore, much grief on the part of *Fernand*, assisted by a chorus of monks, conclude the opera. Here is Donizetti again up to his ears in tragedy, and a pretty figure he cuts, as usual. After all, he has one recommendation—he is a capital hand at erasing any dolorous impressions that may be made by the action of his dramas. A man who is in the constant habit of describing moonlight by trombones and ophicleides, and working horror into phrenzy by means of a galop, stands no great chance of visiting his auditors with the nightmare; just such a man is Donizetti, and just such things has he done throughout *La Favorite*. I have not leisure to give you a critical account of the musical merit of this opera, and if I had, I should not think it worth my trouble or the patience of your readers. Donizetti once, is Donizetti always;—a man who hears any one of his fifty operas, stands a good chance of knowing at least forty of the remainder. The overture in this case is, as a composition, rather better than his usual doings in that way; still it is as ridiculously inconsistent with the character of the drama as any of his others. The dead march in *Saul*, played as a prelude to *Punch*, would not be an atom more out of place than is Donizetti's overture to *La Favorite*. A peculiarity of the music, throughout, is that, although long enough and loud enough in all conscience, it has no *importance* in its construction. Up to the end of the second act, there is no concerted music for the principal singers at all worth notice. A chorus now and then, and a constant succession of romances, cavatinas, and duets, such as properly belong to a smaller kind of opera, form its whole sum and substance, and wearying enough it is. The *finales* are, of course, more weightily put together; but even here, the eternal *allegro à la galop*, in the midst of all manner of despairing lovers, false mistresses, and excommunicated kings, makes one forget everything except that one is suffering the infliction of an opera by Donizetti. Even the greatest pleasure of *prettiness*—its novelty—is denied to the enduring hearer of *La Favorite*; for even when the composer vouchsafes to be pretty and agreeable, which is but seldom I may add, he is so, terribly at the expense of all his other works, as well as of many of his neighbours', from which he has stolen ideas, such as they are, with the most hardened audacity. In fact there is, literally, not *one* new thought in the whole, which is a little too bad for a grand opera in four acts, produced at the pure, the classical, the dignified *Académie Royale*. The only morsel that has at all fixed itself on my mind, is a little air in *A minor*, sung by Baroilhet, in the second act; it is certainly very pretty, but still extremely like half-a-dozen other things from the same hand. The whole was beautifully executed, as operas always are here, by Mme. Stolz as *Leonor*, Duprez as *Fernand*, Levasseur as *Balthazar*, and Baroilhet as *Alphonso*. Mme. Stolz is a good singer, though rather cold, and certainly not comparable to Dorus Gras. Baroilhet is a great artist in every sense—more nearly resembling Tamburini than any one I know, but, to my taste, better than the Italian. I cannot say, from the result of the first night, what will be the ultimate fate of *La Favorite*. Here, as with you, the *claqueurs* carry all before them; but I strongly suspect, that when the public are allowed their own way, they will decide against Donizetti and his new bantling.

P.S. They are laughing finely here at your new operatic attempt in London, of the first night of which somebody has brought over and circulated a stinging report. Barnett's friends (of whom there are many here) are most anxious that he should succeed.

Hotel de Nantz, Place Carousel.

METROPOLITAN.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The director of this establishment, in pursuance of Mr. Eliason's example of meeting the great curiosity respecting the works of the much celebrated Hector Berlioz, has introduced his *Overture to King Lear*, which has never been previously played in England. The compositions of this author cannot fail to impress the critical hearer, from two causes; first, because

they have been so much extolled on the continent that the deepest attention is almost involuntary from the curiosity thus excited; second, because there is such an evident striving at originality, and such an ardent ambition in every passage of the works themselves, that the attention exacted at the commencement is irresistibly chained till the end. The present overture does not receive that justice from the magnitude or spirit of the orchestra which was given to the *Frances Juges* at Drury-lane, therefore we will not venture so decisive an opinion as to its merits: it appears to be a composition far more regular in its plan, but containing less of those bold and startling passages, and that breadth of instrumentation which mark the other work. *King Lear* has the same general characteristics with the overtures of *Waverley* and *Les Frances Juges*, namely, an incompleteness of phraseology; a harshness in some of the harmonic combinations which proves the author's desire for novelty to be greater than his taste or knowledge to direct it; weakness and insipidity in the cantabile passages, which seem like ordinary French airs unnaturally distorted; and with all this unexcellence we must admit the great merit of a complete command over the resources of the orchestra, which are frequently turned to the best advantage. Either *King Lear* is a subject which does not admit of musical description, or the present attempt to portray it is a failure, or Mr. Willy and his band do not give proper expression to the author's intentions, or, which is perhaps the most probable, we, not having "too much genius" are unable to enter into his ideas, for we cannot discover the slightest resemblance between the delineations of Shakspeare and Berlioz.

ISLINGTON AMATEUR SOCIETY.—The second concert of this society took place, under the direction of its founder, Mr. Reed, on Monday evening last. The band numbered about forty, and was extremely effective throughout. The wind instruments were, of course, wielded by professional hands, but sufficient of the quartett-department was left to the amateurs to prove that they were making rapid strides in their orchestra-practice. Beethoven's overture to *Leonora*, notwithstanding its difficulties, which have puzzled many larger and more celebrated bands than that assembled on this occasion, was played with uncommon spirit and effect. An occasional weakness of the fiddles was perceptible in some of the more knotty points, which, considering its difficulty and the comparative inexperience of the performers, was not to be wondered at; but the general going of the overture was, nevertheless, highly creditable to all parties concerned. The overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which opened the second act, was an equally creditable performance, and, of course, more successful with the audience. The playing of the principal violoncello (Mr. W. Reed) in the first movement, was highly satisfactory, and we have seldom heard anything more delicious than the flute and *corno inglese* of Messrs. Richardson and Keating in the movement following the storm. The most interesting professional performance of the evening was a quintett by Beethoven for pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, charmingly played by Messrs. T. G. Reed (for whom a very needless apology on the score of indisposition was previously made), Keating, Lazarus, Godfrey, and Creaghton. In the course of the concert, two madrigals—Festa's "Down in a flow'ry vale," and Barnett's "Merrily wake music's measure"—were nicely sung by a strong body of amateur chorus, and warmly applauded. It struck us, however, from a frequent want of unity of expression in both these madrigals, that many of the singers had neglected attendance at rehearsals—a practice quite sufficient to neutralize the best efforts of the choral directors. The principal singers were Mrs. Severn, Misses Woodyatt, Ward and Reed, and Messrs. Horncastle, Freame, and F. Lablache. We regret that we cannot spare space to individually notice their performances, and can, therefore, merely say that the best were, Spohr's lovely song, "The bird and the maiden," beautifully sung by Mrs. Severn, and accompanied on the clarinet and pianoforte by Mr. Lazarus and the conductor; "Largo al factotum" by Sig. F. Lablache, and a very pretty Irish ballad composed by Mr. T. G. Reed, and sung by Miss Reed. Between the acts, "God save the Queen" was sung and played by every body concerned, with a new and capital orchestral arrangement, of which we did not discover the author. Mr. Dando led, with his usual ability, and the conductors were, Mr. H. Smart for the first act, and Mr. T. G. Reed for the second.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, which what their editorial signature is appended to.]

LIVERPOOL.—*Grand Subscription Concerts.*—The first of the series for the present season took place on Tuesday the 1st inst., and was numerously attended. The great magnet of attraction on this occasion was Liszt, who played four times, to the great delight of the audience. Miss Steele and Miss Bassano, together with John Parry, jun., and a most efficient orchestra, made up the remainder of the performers. The two young ladies appeared to give universal satisfaction, especially in their duets. Parry gave some of his comic songs with his accustomed excellence; he is the prince of mirth-moving singers, and never fails to make a hit. The orchestra was very efficient in the overtures, which were given with a spirit and precision, particularly in the violin department, quite refreshing. In a chorus of Beethoven, at the end of the second act, the wind instruments strove with each other who should best drown the shouting of some score of singers in the front. These latter, in their turn, retaliated upon the trumpets and drums, so that between both parties such a discordant din was raised as to make one involuntarily seek to stop the ears! This piece was the black spot of the concert, all else was more or less good and satisfactory, and we trust the enterprising *entrepreneur* will save both himself and the public the infliction of listening to a second edition of such chorus singing and playing. Upon the whole, this concert was a far better commencement than last year, and must have yielded much gratification to the Liverpool public.

NEWCASTLE ON TYNE.—A concert was given at the Assembly Rooms, on the 26th ult., by Mr. Carte, the eminent flutist. One of the principal attractions of the evening was the performance on the violoncello by the celebrated Lindley. It is sixteen years since the veteran was heard in Newcastle, and we may truly say that he has lost nothing of his extraordinary execution and unrivalled sweetness, and retains the same command over his instrument as ever. Mr. Blagrove delighted all by his masterly performance on the violin. The trio by Mayseder, played by Lindley, Blagrove, and Mr. Ketelle on the piano, was the gem of the evening, the latter gentleman's pianoforte playing is characterised by great elegance, taste, and expression. Miss Birch's performance of "Rhode's Air," and "Sweet Mary mine," elicited rapturous applause from the audience; nor must we omit Mrs. Fiddes, who acquitted herself most creditably in "Deh conte," with Miss Birch, and the ballad of the "Incheape Bell." Mr. Carte's two solos on the flute were admirably performed, and Mr. Hobbs surpassed himself in "Yarico to her lover." The concert was extremely well attended.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. Lavenue gave a concert here on the 27th ult., Liszt being the great attraction, assisted in the vocal department by Miss Steele, Miss Bassano, and Mr. John Parry: Mr. Lavenue conducted. We must especially notice the singing of Miss Steele in Balfé's ballad, "They tell me thou'rt the favoured guest;" and a little song composed by the conductor, and sang very well by Miss Bassano. Mr. Parry was loudly encored in his comic song, "Wanted a wife," and also in his own ballad, "Fair Daphne," which he sang and accompanied with great taste. M. Liszt was hailed with great applause in the performance of the "Marche Hongroise," and he made the noble instrument he played on ring out like a brass band. His second performance was a *melange* introducing two airs by Rossini, and the favourite polacca from *I Puritani*. The third selection introduced a tarantilla and gallop of the most sparkling brilliance. The fourth selection was Schubert's "Serenata," and part of the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. This last excelled all in its amazing grandeur; the instrument under his hands giving the effect of a full orchestra. At the conclusion he was so rapturously encored that, after keeping the audience in suspense for some minutes, he returned to the instrument and gave an impromptu on "God save the Queen." The concert was very thinly attended, there not being above eighty persons in the room.

MANCHESTER.—*The Gentlemen's Glee Club* had a numerous meeting on the 3rd inst. In honour of the birth of the princess royal, the concert was opened with the national anthem, which was given with great power and effect. Thursday happening to be the anniversary of the battle of Hohenlinden, Tom Cooke's fine glee of that name was sung in commemoration. Weber's "Haste gallant knight," from *Oberon*, accompanied by a chorus, was very well sung; the duet, by Misses Hardmann and Graham, was beautifully given. T. Cooke's "As it fell upon a day" was ably sung. The finest piece of the evening, however, was "How deep the Sigh," from Bishop's lately published "Complete Collection of Glees, &c." It is a delightful thing, full of feeling and beauty, and was sung with great taste and expression by Miss Graham, Mrs. Winterbottom, and Mr. Walton, and was warmly encored. T. Cooke's madrigal, "Shall I waste my youth," has the

flavour of the old madrigal about it, and had justice done it. "The Lass of Gowrie," harmonized by Ransford, was very sweetly sung by Miss Hardmann, Messrs. Barlow, Walton, and Hughes: it gave general satisfaction, and promises to become a decided favourite. Bishop's pretty little chorus, "Gather each flower," from his opera of *Maid Marian*, was sung in the light carolling style, which best befits it. Dr. Smith's convivial glee "Haste, my boy," was sung with great *gusto*. Bishop's glee of "Hear Aladdin," from the opera of *Aladdin*, was loudly applauded. Danby's "Fair Flora decks," was sung with great sweetness; as was a madrigal of Linley's, "Let me careless," sung by a full choir. To these followed George Hargreaves's glee, "Some feelings are to mortals given," one of the most refined compositions in the whole range of this class of vocal compositions, and it was sung by Messrs. Barlow, Walton, Clough, and Gale, with a discriminating taste and a right appreciation of its character. The concert closed with a chorus of *Storace* (from the opera of *The Cherokee*), sung for the first time here, called "Revenge! Revenge!"

BRISTOL.—A *Sacred Concert* was given on the 2nd inst. at the Prince's-street Assembly-room. The selection was an admirable one. It was opened by Mr. Millar, with an anthem of Handel's, "O come let us worship," a chaste and elegant composition, delivered by the singer with appropriate taste. A scene from *Judas Maccabæus* followed, which would have been more effective but for the pauses between its parts, which destroyed its unity; all the singers engaged in it should have been present at the same time, and then Miss Strachan's "Pious Orgies" (very creditably sung) would have seemed like a reply to the invitation of Judas Maccabæus "to the sincerity of prayer." "Hear us, O Lord," was far from neatly performed. The words "Hear us, O Lord, on thee we call," should have been pianissimo, and the succeeding line "Resolved on conquest or a glorious fall," should have had all the strength the band and voices could impart to it. As it was, it went tamely. In the first part we had some of the gems of Haydn's *Creation*, one of which, "On mighty plumes," sung by Miss Patton, would have pleased us better, had the words been uttered more distinctly. We were delighted with the rich style in which Mr. Millar delivered, from this oratorio, "In splendour bright," and "In native fall." Miss L. Strachan sang "With verdure clad" in a very pleasing manner. Her voice is good, and, with the aid of a little more cultivation, she will be an acquisition to the musical world. "The earth obeyed the mighty word," a fine bass song, was admirably sung by Mr. T. Machin. Unqualified delight was elicited by Mr. Millar's "When thou tookest upon thee" (*Dettingen Te Deum*), and Miss Shaw's "Angels ever bright and fair." This young lady, a pupil of Sir George Smart's, made her *debut* before a Bristol audience, and, with it, a very pleasing impression. Her voice and expression are exceedingly good, her ear correct, and her style chaste—qualifications which are the elements of eminence. This lady also sang "Gratias agimus tibi" (*Guglielmi*), the rapid and difficult passages of which she gave with a distinctness and purity rarely surpassed by so young a *debutante*. Her cadence, with Harvey's clarinet, was very delicately managed. The *Benedictus* of Mozart was listened to with the delight it never fails to excite, though its effect was somewhat impaired by the band playing the accompaniment too loud. We must not conclude without expressing our admiration of Mr. H. C. Cooper's performance on the violin, in a brilliant *Fantasia*. Another instrumental treat was likewise afforded by Mr. Harvey's concerto on the clarinet.

NEWCASTLE.—The *Musical Students' Society* held their third dress concert in the New Music Hall, on the 2nd inst. These entertainments are private, being given by the members of the above-named society as a treat to their friends, a numerous company of whom was present on this occasion. The performances consisted of a variety of pieces, both vocal and instrumental, which seemed to afford great pleasure to the hearers, whose approbation was expressed by repeated and enthusiastic applause.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS held their annual general meeting last week, to receive the report of the treasurer, Miss Masson, which gave great satisfaction to the members present, and will doubtless gratify the friends of the institution and the patrons of the art. From Miss Masson's statement it appears that, besides several donations, and small sums charitably disbursed, the Society have been enabled to place a nest-egg of 100*l.* in the funds, which, we trust, may be the precursor of many a golden addition.

THE MADRIGALIAN ASSOCIATION held a meeting at Crosby Hall on Saturday evening. Upwards of forty ladies and gentlemen amateurs took part in the per-

formance of a judicious selection of some of the best specimens of the madrigal style of composition. We are delighted to record the increase of such institutions as this, which is the surest evidence of the growing desire for musical knowledge, and of the appreciation of the classical in vocal composition.

THE MESSRS. BARNETT, whose sudden termination of their experiment on the musical patriotism of London, has caused as much curiosity as surprise, talk of resuming their managerial functions at the English Opera-house on Boxing night. When their plan is more fully organised we shall take an opportunity to state particulars. Their new arena is much better situated for the public, and much better adapted for sound than the Prince's Theatre, added to which, the more fortunate season of the year and the brief experience of their first campaign are strong reasons to hope for their better success.

MR. W. J. HAMMOND is said to have successfully terminated his long litigation with Mr. Fisher, by which means the lease of the Strand Theatre is thrown into the bankrupt's estate, and will furnish a small dividend to the creditors. We congratulate the many authors, actors, and musicians who have proved their debts, and who have for the most part signed Mr. Hammond's certificate, on this probability of receiving some remuneration for their labours at Drury-lane last season, and some satisfaction for the good feeling they have testified towards the ill-starred manager.

MR. BRAHAM.—The success of our great vocal veteran in America has equalled the most sanguine wishes of his friends and admirers; particulars have reached us of a concert at the Tabernacle in New York, in which his performance of "Comfort ye," "They rebuke," "Deeper and deeper still," "Thou shalt dash them," and "Luther's Hymn," are reported to have produced a sensation upon his audience unreckonable with anything hitherto experienced, and quite unguessed at by hunters after musical importations into the new world. The building was crowded to overflow; the other principal vocalists were Mrs. Edward Loder, of Bath, formerly Miss Watson, Mr. C. E. Horn and his lady. Dr. Hodges presided at the organ.

MRS. WAYLETT is playing at Bath, where her fellow-townsmen pay full respect to her "wood notes wild" in the new farce, and the old melodrame, *Fashionable Arrivals* and *One o'clock*.

MISS FORDE, who for many seasons was a favourite vocalist at Drury-lane Theatre, and originally a pupil of her brother-in-law, Mr. Rooke, unfortunately slipped in alighting at the Eagle Tavern, where she is now engaged, during the late severe fog and frost, and suffered a fracture of the arm. We are happy to learn that the fracture has been reduced, and the patient is in a fair way of recovery.

MR. WILLIAM BEALE gained the prize of ten guineas, which was offered by the Adelphi Glee Club, to the composer of the most approved Glee. There were six candidates, whose compositions generally were highly thought of.

SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE LATE BAND OF THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, as a demonstration of their confidence in the management, and their earnestness in the cause of English opera, have volunteered their services for a certain period in the new speculation. The Messrs. Barnett are not likely to require this aid, nor will their feelings allow them to accept it; but the proffer is in the highest degree honourable to the gentlemen who have made it.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS will hold their half yearly general meeting to-morrow at twelve o'clock, at the harp manufactory of Messrs. Erard, who kindly lend their room for their occasion.

OPERA DIRECTORS v. MUSICAL JOURNALS.—*La France Musicale* says of the *Academie Royale*, that it has refused the usual admissions to certain journals, on the ground that their criticisms "were too severe on the management;" it is curious enough, that for the last two seasons, Mr. Laporte has refused the "Musical World" the usual admissions to the Italian Opera-house, and on precisely the same pretence!

THE ADELPHI GLEE CLUB will commence its fifty-third season at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on Saturday the 19th inst. The Melodist Club will re-assemble in January, and the Catch Club in February.

THE AMATEURS AND COGNOSCENTI OF RICHMOND have formed a society for the practice of vocal and instrumental music. There have been several similar attempts in this town which have been unsuccessful; the present association commences under better auspices, and, we hope, will prove more lasting.

PRINCE ALBERT'S OPERA.—We promised to make inquiries respecting the suppression of this work: we have done so; but cannot trace the very general rumour to any foundation sufficiently authentic to confirm it. Mr. Limbird, the publisher, has expressed himself in very hostile terms on account of the paragraph which appeared in our antepenultimate number, we readily receive his assurance in contradiction of the same; and, as the best proof of our just intentions, invite him to furnish us with full particulars, to which we will most cheerfully give publicity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Handel's Works.—Our correspondent who inquires as to the number of volumes forming a complete set of Handel's works, is informed that the only uniform collection is that of Dr. Arnold, which appeared in one hundred and eighty numbers. These are usually found bound up in either thirty-six or forty-two volumes, as the fancy of the original purchasers dictated. This set, however, includes but a few of Handel's operas.

Our review of Mr. Stimpson's book on chanting has drawn on us a legion of letters, all seeking to prove that the method of "pointing," of which we expressed our approbation, was, in reality, invented by Dr. Camidge, of York, or Mr. James, of Ely, or somebody else; and especially one from Mr. Graham, of Manchester, about the length of an ordinary sermon, the end of which is to adjudge the disputed merit to the writer himself.

We cannot afford room for any of these epistles, and must, therefore, beg our correspondents to rest satisfied with our apology for having incautiously done Mr. Stimpson the injustice to saddle him with a merit to which, it appears, he is not entitled.

We have received the circular respecting the production of *Spartacus* at the Victoria Theatre, which being a literary and not a musical subject, we do not consider within our province to notice.

We shall be happy to receive any further communication with which Mr. Dulcken may favour us, and will do all in our power to remove any disagreeable impression that may exist with regard to him.

We have omitted a passage in the letter of a "Well-wisher to the Academy," which we consider irrelevant to his present subject. We contemplated a long article on the abuses of the institution, and shall feel obliged to our correspondent for another letter containing further particulars relating to the appointment of foreign professors.

"J. P." has our very best thanks: we have not made use of the whole of his communication, because some of the information it contained was already in our printer's hands, and for obvious reasons some is at this moment unavailable. We shall at all times be most happy to hear from him.

"W. B." is declined with thanks.

"F. B. J." will find the matter he speaks of fully explained in the present number.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.

- Nordmann.—Les Seduisantes quadrilles; for two performers. *Boosey.*
 Smith, G.—L'Offrande de l'Amitie; nos. 1 and 2. *Z. T. Purday.*
 Wilson, W.—Vaga luna; variations *T. S. Purday.*
 Craven, J.—Jim along Josey quadrilles *Ditto.*
 Spohr, L.—Erinnerung an Marienbad; waltz. *Ewer.*
 Weber.—Operas of Jubel, Preciosa, and Freyschutz. *Ditto.*
 Spontini.—Opera, Vestale. *Ditto.*
 Standard Operas, edited by J. Devaux.—No. 17, Semiramide. *Cramer.*
 Lillo's Opera, L'Osteria d'Andogar.—Aria—Vedi la sa quella balzar. Cavatina—Quando assisa. Aria—Domani a me felice. Romanza—Se non son dama di qualita. Aria—Sempre vagante senza pensiero. *Ditto.*
 Burgmuller.—Carline; galop brilliant, op. 65. *Wessel.*
 Aspull.—Felicita; introduction and variations. *Ditto.*
 (Duets.)
 Soirées de Londres Quadrilles, no. 35, 36, 37. *Ditto.*
 Herz.—Easy rondos "Les Gentilleses de Vienne, de Paris, de Londres, de Berlin" *Ditto.*
 Gems of German Melody—Songs by Schubert, Lachner, Proch, &c. *Ditto.*

Chopin.—Souvenir d'Andalusia; bolero, op. 19. *Wessel.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Konig.—Salut à l'Angleterre; cornet à pistons and piano. *Wessel.*
 Schubert.—Le Doieper; nocturne for two violoncellos and piano. *Ditto.*
 Clinton.—Gems of the Opera for one Flute. *Ditto.*
 Dronet's most admired airs and solos for flute & piano, edited by Clinton; 13 books. *Ditto.*
 Weber's Works, edited by Moscheles; nos. 11, 12, 13, 14. *Chappell.*
 Ernst, H.—Concertina for violin and piano; op. 12. *Ewer.*

VOCAL.

- Lachner.—Weep not for sorrow. *Wessel.*
 Bendixen.—My faint spirit; song. *Ditto.*
 Pelzer, F.—Lovely night; with guitar accompaniment. *Chappell.*
 Meyerbeer.—En vain j'espere; cavatina. *Ditto.*
 ——— Idole de ma vie; ditto. *Ditto.*
 Klitz.—Napoleon's Grave. *Z. T. Purday.*
 Wastfield, A.—Lord, let me know mine end; anthem. *Ditto.*
 Spore, J.—Merrie England. *T. E. Purday.*
 Mounsey, Miss.—The nautilus cradle. *Ditto.*
 Glindon, R.—Queen Victoria's baby; comic. *Ditto.*
 ——— Christmas wails. *Ditto.*

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